

PEOPLES STATE BANK TO REOPEN AT CLEMSON

FLIERS LAND IN PARIS AND INQUIRE FOR SPEAKEASY; THEY ARE STILL DRUNK

Good Will Fliers Carry Prohibition to France

In the cold grey dawn of March 22, the mighty aeroplane Hellava-crash piloted by H. C. Woodson and B. F. Moore took off from Sikes Field on the Seneca River, on a non-stop flight for Paris, France.

The plane was constructed by the Clemson Aero Club and has a special Samson motor built and designed by Prof. J. H. Sams.

The airship passed over Allendale at 8:30 where the policeman, fire chief, and mayor (he's a good fellow, by the way) reported that it was making rapid progress.

About 500 miles out at sea, the ship began to lose altitude. Pilot Woodson immediately senesd the trouble, and looking back in the mail compartment he saw Captain Sharp, K. I. L. L. who was bumming at ride to Paris to see the girl he left there when the war ended.

Over London it was reported that the 9 cylinder motor was missing on 8 and one half cylinders and while over the English Channel the pieces of the plane began to fall off. The crankcase fell on Professor Monk Godfrey's head, (who was bound to his native land, Sweden) and seriously injured the crankcase.

The plane landed at LeBourget Field, Paris at 3:00 p. m. on March 24. The mighty ship was trampled by the thousands who wanted to catch a glimpse of the three famous men.

Captain Sharp, who remembered the famous night clubs, etc., from war days, volunteered to show the other two boys the sights. The three were wildly acclaimed everywhere they went, and thoroughly enjoyed their drinks.

After having stayed in Paris for three days and nights the three became fed up on Paris and it's boring life and returned to the good old U. S. A. They are now back at Clemson selling peanuts and relating to others about the good times that they had in Paris.

RADICAL SUGGESTIONS PROFFERED BY PROFS.

Curriculum to be Changed Radically to Complicate Work

The regular monthly meeting of the general faculty was held Sunday morning at 11:00 a. m. In the absence of Dr. Sikes, Prof. J. L. Marshall presided and dispatched business with his customary brisk manner. The first business to come up was action on the motion, made at the last meeting by Profesosr Martin, that due to the fact that most students were able to get calculus without any explanation, arithmetic be substituted for calculus. The motion was voted down, due

(LI pug nox HnH qunH)

WHO, ME?



Embarrassment exhibited by Carolina chicken looking for a brick sidewalk to lay an egg on.

SENIOR SOTS SET SAD EXAMPLE

Bad Beat Outs Must Pay Thru the Nose

It is thought that the decision of the Senior Disciplinary Council regarding several members of the corps found in the classroom of Professor Moosehead Burton, leader of the senior Y council, during the church hours Sunday, will be made public this week. It is serious enough that the group was composed entirely of Y council members, the moral leaders of the campus, but the worst aspect was the seeming utter disregard of regulations shown by wearing non-reg shirts while engaged in nefarious practice of working cross word puzzles and eating peppermint candy.

This delinquency seems trivial, but it is a matter containing sinister and potential possibilities. It means that we have on our campus some men that have fallen almost

(LI pug nox HnH qunH)

BUSTED BANK BREAKS SILENCE DELINQUENT DIVIDENDS DIVIDED



"You see how it was, mister, I been playing bridge wid Doc Hunter."

Eight Hundred Maimed in Effort to Deposit Savings

The Clemson College branch of the Peoples State Bank of South Carolina, which closed recently, will reopen on the morning of April 1 at 6:45 A. M.

The auditors claim the bank to be in an extremely excellent condition as the total assets, after the books were audited, were stated to be \$1.18. The bank carries no liabilities. Because of this excellent condition, back interest to be paid on deposits amounts to 225.8 per cent.

Upon hearing the news, Professor Sherrill presented a very optimistic outlook with his original saying, "Prosperity is just around the corner."

Calvin Coolidge, ex-president of the United States, greeted the news as a very definite step in undermining the stronghold of the depression that has been molesting the world for the past few weeks.

As the largest, best known, and most dependable bank in Calhoan, it is expected, according to the "heads" of the bank, to carry the major portion of the financial transactions of this metropolis.

In endeavoring to cope with the expected rush of business on the opening morning, the entrance of the bank has been widened nine feet, the doors removed, and eleven tellers and five extra cashiers have been employed.

GREAT CATASTROPHE AT COLLEGE LAUNDRY

Cadet Recieves Laundry on Time—950 Spectators Swoon

The cadet corps of Clemson College was very much upset and astir on Friday, March 25, to hear that one of the cadets had actually received all of his laundry back on time. This was the first time in the history of the Clemson College laundry that such a catastrophe has occurred. Many of the cadets flocked around when they observed that something unusual had happened, and seven hundred and fifty fainted when they were told that one of the cadets had received his laundry back when due.

The reason for this accident is very uncertain but it is thought that it was due to some oversight on the part of the managers of the laundry.

The manager states that such a sad happening will not occur again for a long time and that the laundry will be more careful in the future—much more careful.

Red Fordham—Do you ever peep through the key hole when I'm sitting in the parlor with your sister?

Kid brother— Sometimes, when mother isn't there.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS OF CADETS

THE CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Delinquency Report of March 20, 1932

Explanations Due 9:00 A. M. March 23, 1932

Delinquency Report of April 1, 1932, by order of Corporal Munson, D.O.L., N. A. C. L., B. Y. P. U., E. T. C.

CADET REPORTED	DELINQUENCY	REPORTING OFFICER
wallace fridy	reading ballyhoo in church	rev. vera goode
charles preston hogarth	playing marbles in the guard room	col. c. b. munson
bunker hill	snoring in class	prof. inferno
the band	playing old gray mare without the permission of copyright owner	
sam blackman	burning hole in carpet in hall of 1st barracks	whole corps
edward leonardi morris	breaking morris chair in guard room	chic green
jeanne patterson	leaving ice water running in steam bath	officer day
claudiana earnhardt	burning lights on tennis courts after 4 a. m.	capt. bob miller
scafe wilburn	misusing telephone in room 120.	a. t. helitic
little joe hunter	calling sergeant narramore bill lippincott	rat bridgers
chink ellis	shooting dice in library after seven o'clock	prof. lippincott
president sikes	unsatisfactory explanation thursday night	moon jenkins
charlie margaret moss	leaving heat on football field when not in use	mrs. sikes
fatso skinny newson	blowing taps on inside when the thermometer was above 48	just neely
capt. haywire briggman	freezing ice cream on radiator without permission	frank iler
arthur black	seeing spots—on the dice	lt. whitlow
louis denver strom	plucking dingles before season	holtzy
egg head (w.a.) thompson	skating on the roof of main building	capt. teague
virile rudolph coggins	sleeping in trunk during inspection	lt. sharpe
janie harold boulevare	running before spring (when the sap begins to run)	sarge munson
joseph poinsett dargan	window panes disarranged	t. r. ack
harnwell edward snowden	having floor too close to the ceiling	capt. friday
raymond garetty	wringing hands instead of bell while officer of day	lt. j. g. murray
josephine weston	stealing laundry slips	corp. parks
daniel culp	carving name on colonel munson's desk	capt. fogle
eagle eye deadwiler	pitching tent (out of the window)	lt. heffner
squat lawrence	being too close to the sidewalk	rat leland
flinn gilland	dusty post office box	william costella burns
john joseph mecown	taking guard room clock home	major billie dove
baboon proctor	no haircut on face	w. p. greene
victor fleming	studying before reveille	jewish reuben seigel
george lippincott constans	moving chemistry lab to room without permission	footsie davis
oh! harvey green	meeting inspection barefooted	prof. murphy
capt. jimmy baker	carrying atoms in pocket	capt. jimmie baker
major wally tolbert	misplacing door to room	major fordham
thom brautenberg sartor	non-reg uniform while walking in sleep	capt. rah rah clark
l. c. greene	fiddling around while fruit stand burns	rat boob ward
frederika curley hook	forgetting nerve tonic while on way to newry	nero campbell
drag a burns	alarming an alarm clock; clipping a clip board	bob miller
patricia calhoun	shocking an electric current (ohm! what a shock)	maj. fordham
thomisane shippey	cooking on rifle range	thomas shippey
willamena greta ashmore	chasing a lightning bug three miles yelling "gimme the duck"	capt. harcombe
		rat petry

The Tiger

"HE ROARS FOR CLEMSON"

Founded by the Class of 1907 and published weekly, during the college session, by the Corps of Cadets of Clemson College.

Entered as Second Class matter at the Post Office at Clemson College, South Carolina.

Member South Carolina College Press Association.

EDITORIAL STAFF

W. G. ASHMORE	Editor-in-Chief
E. J. ADAMS	Associate Editor
V. R. COGGINS	Managing Editor
J. L. O. FOSTER	Managing Editor
W. L. LEVERETTE	Athletic Editor
E. L. MORRIS	Exchange Editor
C. P. WALKER	Y. M. C. A. Editor
T. M. WATSON	Joke Editor

Staff Reporters

L. M. Adams, D. A. Barnes, J. B. Barnwell, J. C. Burton, W. C. Cobb, C. N. Clayton, R. B. Eaton, F. E. Green, J. G. Gibbs, J. E. Hunter, F. R. Iler, K. E. Neusser, S. R. Patterson, F. S. Shannon, W. J. Burton, B. W. Barber, W. E. Coggins

Athletic Associates

M. S. J. Blitch, G. Chaplin, J. F. James, P. H. Latimer, J. T. Smith, J. Sherman

BUSINESS STAFF

P. M. PARROTT Business Manager

CIRCULATION STAFF

W. H. PADGETT Circulation Manager
F. L. PRICKETT Associate Circulation Manager

Circulation Associates

J. R. Hutcheson and W. B. Perry



OBSERVATION AND COMMENT BY ADAMS & ASHMORE

It is very interesting to know that Clemson will have at least two men in the Olympics this year. Ben Martin and Flinn Gilland, tracksters with no peer, will probably take part. Martin is very fleet of foot, doing his best thru back yards and down back stairs. There is a little story connected with his initial track performance (incidentally it was a second story) but anyway this is my story and I'll stick to it. It seems there was once the eternal triangle, in which Ben was an acute angle, having diverged from the narrow. (His numerous tangents now make him the original geometric cinderist). But to get on with the story—Ben once almost failed to beat a bullet over the rear fence. Now, in his track work, only three conditions are necessary for his best: a starting point resembling a set of back steps, two fences, and finally a narrow alley. Next a gun, and finally, Doctor Brearley to inject a psychological fluid that assures the right state of mind.

Captain Heffner regarded the cadet with a leer of contempt. "Who was the woman I seen you with last nite?" Said the cadet "Permit me to say, it was not last nite, it was the night before". Whereupon Captain Heffner untangled his spurs from a mass of demerits and threw him out. He staged a fast comeback and trumped the Cap'n's ace and the curtain was lowered for a lapse of morals.

Enter Doctor Sikes, "Am I right or am I president?" "Neither" yelled the cadet. "Give us back our red

noses. Vote for Homer Bru. People can't go wan forever!". The climax of the play comes when former President Coolidge staggered in with an insurance policy and started yodeling.

"She has gone and he has left us

Her has left we all alone
We can never go to she
She can never come to we
Don't it awful?"

Then in spite of the fact that the official hanger who breaks necks and bread with the same concern was told to keep his trap shut, the trap was opened showing a new upper plate and a lower bridge. At this point the watchmakers quit holding hands of two westclox has bens. Here the hero and heroess take the center of the stage (the end took out the tackle, and the blond took out the half and took a long one), and the photographers took the quarter back, refusing to pay that much. The police took the full back and rope shoulders. Everyone was one their guard (so no worry there); the hero has his arm in a sling. "I'm not dead", he exclaimed, said she, "Why no you are not, but your-poor armie, does it peace of my mind. The man who my is all right. No one hurt but me." Said she, "To arms, to arms." They clinched tanked the generals stars and soared away on a caisson bound for springfield, and countryside.

—Came last week the news of a student tragedy. A student delegate to the present peace conference missed his boat due to the impress-

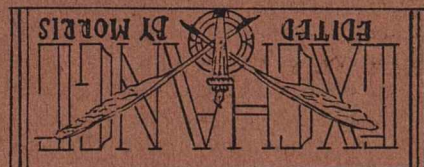
ive pressure of a well manned pacifier. When interviewed he gave the following statement, "I'll give you a piece of my mind. The man who said the world was too full of hasty courtships and whirlwind marriages was exactly backwards in his expression."

Add yokel yens in true style—to be a retained iceman even after the frigidaire has been installed.

At Carolina they are sponsoring a 'buy-a-brick' week with hopes of completing the sidewalk they started in a fit of madness. Only fresh bricks well wrapped in cellophane will be sold during this week of festivity. Nice impressive article, a brick, when applied with expert precision to the base of the skull, three points to the port side of the collar button position. But when we consider the life of a brick, how it is always in the highways and by ways, serving in its lowly position, its nice to give them a break, thereby allowing them to go on a bat. But then maybe a brick's visibility perspective is not so bad.

When interviewed last week, one of the bricks made this statement, "You alter me by calling me a brick. But you wait until I get a couple of shots of concrete in me and see what happens."

We never understood quite what cement but our bet goes that she takes on the bulldog tenacity and grows gamecocky.



He's still drunk!

Libbincott's Line Is Artificial

While hastily rummaging through one of Professor Lippincott's files (I merely wanted to see if the questions had been made out for prelim to be eld the next day), I found an old wrinkled document wrapped about a mysterious looking brown bottle. Although the bottle was empty, the tattered appearance of the manuscript interested me greatly. Very gently I removed the time worn piece of parchment from the bottle and spread it out on the desk to observe. At first I thought the writing was in Greek, but after perusing it for hours I discovered the writing to be the well known "Lippincott Script".

Across the top of the sheet was written: "Classroom Cracks for Sophomores". Up in one corner of the sheet the date February 30, 1919, beiled the ancient condition of the sheet. Much to my surprise I in the body of the article seemed very familiar. A glance through the list showed that it had been brought up-to-date by the use of voluminous marginal notes. Some of the more interesting of these remarks were—

Don't be so hard to get along with

Cedar bird

Can't talk for hell if you aren't listening

Cut your teeth on these

Save the pieces

Having a little trouble with the language?

Not trying to take me for a ride? That will do for this rough work As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted. . . .

Is your face red

Things like that make me want to jump into the Seneca river.

As to the last statement, some of us would like to know, "Why not; yes, why not?"

Who! Me?

By DOCTOR DANIEL

A POME

By I. Apologize

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up

In Sloan's Old Arcade

When into the room walked Harvey Green

And Morris, his first aide,

The boys were drinking billiards

And the drinks were going fast

O. Howe Green looked 'round and saw

That Lucius Delk drank last.

Holtzendorph, with stein in hand,

Was leading the drinking bout,

But he must have poured the drinks too fast

For Hogarth soon passed out.

Then said Green as he took one straight,

"Let's pick this drunken crew."

Up spoke one of the well-soused mugs,

"There'll be a brawl if you do".

The lights went out two sabres clashed,

A groan was heard in the dark,

The lights came on and Green had gone

Aw Hell! finish it yerself.

BREARLY'S PICKLED BRAIN TO BE USED

Rejuvenates Frankenstein with Finished Finesse

It became known today that Professor P. B. Brearley, better known to all students of economics and psychology, as "Pickle Brains" was working on a novel and unique artificial man, combining all the characteristics of Frankenstein's creation but, in addition, one that can work a slide rule and solve differential equations. The brain, after several years of handling is slightly shopworn, but according to the eminent Doctor Brearley it will get maximum directing powers from minimum completeness.

It was originally planned that the creation would be a feature of the Engineer's Day program. The creature however threatened to develop a craving for alcohol which necessitated the enlisting of the chemistry department. Being a hay burner and strictly a vegetarian, the agricultural experts naturally received the clarion call. This leaves only the administration unrepresented, but it is rumored that some of the outstanding profs in this section will furnish the body and cranial cavity. There is a wonderful superfluity of potential material of this sort wandering the halls of the main building, and Doctor Sikes gave full permission to the designers to select any that they so desire.

This is a great step in the advancement of civilization at Clemson. Doctor Sikes has recommended to the trustees that in the event this experiment is a success, Doctor Brearley will be given steady employment as general repair man for the faculty. Doctor Sikes also made public the fact that it is high time the majority of the Profs were worked over and their brains either substituted for new ones or salvaged.

Several experiments have been made by the scientist, Pick, in switching brains, and all with good physiological success but a failure sociologically.

Among his first eorts was the exchange of brains between D. Daniel and Sid Little, local bridge shark, but due to the fact that in all business law classes, Doctor Daniel made every thing a contract, following the rule of Lenz, which was not in accordance with the prescribed course, and also required all students to step to the board and sketch four human flies as kibitzers on the inside of a Gothis arch, and tell the various reactions to a five spade contract four steel workers have just made, the brains were replaced.

Another of Pick's experiments was

the crossing of the brain of Doctor Rock Calhoun with that of Bill Lippincott, but due to the strange complex thus developed for old shoes, and a natural yen for stones, Doctor Rock was reported as having taken the depression marked sneakers of everyone he met so as to extract the tongues which make wonderful loops for slingshots.

This monster will be released at an early date. The brain is threatening to take on a cankered mein which will put it in the class of all the rest of the campus, and hence render it devoid of its distinction.

A REVIEW

"Facts for Females, or Winthrop's Wisdom"

by O. Howe Mean

A hors-d'oeuvre of comment and heated discussion-heated? Ach! parched-on modern sex life. Mr. Mean's book has taken the country by storm. It is a masterpiece that should be included in every modern collection of boudoir books. The frankness of this best-seller is startling—especially as written by such a plenipotentiary as O. Howe Mean. With its gayly colored cover, this book should add ardor to any bedroom or one can cut out the illustrations and use them for comic valentines. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs of Mr. Mean and his little contemporary, giving practical deomnstrations of "Love as I see it". One of the most interesting chapters in this masterpiece is entitled "Knothead's Nerve" It deals with the temptations of the modern Love Denfier (often abbreviated L. D.) Let's have just a taste of the interesting style as shown in this chapter.

"Fiddlesticks, dear, Caesar would have been in a bad way had he not had his fiddle to calm him in such a moment of distress." I could see a bit of disagreement in those beady eyes—so alluring-of hers. Her soft warm lips pulsed with the heat of irritation—they opened to speak.

"But why let the fire department get all the credit for cooling things off? Caliquila could have made a name for himself as a hero."

She tossed her head back into the pile of pollows. Her graceful form was draped gorgeously full-length upon the Turkish divan—so exotic. Could I resist—but I must remember the example set by Augustus. With all my will power I forced myself closer. Her eyes were closed—was that a wart on her knee? How I had longed for this moment—I could resist no longer. I must ask her! I could feel the outburst coming, "Darling, may I be frank with you?"

"Why certainly Lovey Dovey—why?"

"Oh, I am so hot. I feel that I shall burn up in another minute, I have been wanting to ask you all the evening, but I could not get up the nerve. She blushed—yet I must—out with it!

"Angel, will you get me a glass of cold water?"

She swooned into my arms. Allah!

CAMPUS NOTES



\$5000 REWARD DEAD
(He's no good alive)

for

CHIEF IMALIAR DANIEL

Description—One look at his mug and you need a prescription.

Charge—Swindling public out of large sums of money selling imitation Pate Polish at political speak-ins. Last seen in front of a cigar store shooting ducks.



This has no particular significance but we couldn't find any where else to put it.

Y. M. C. A. MAKES TRIP UP TO SUPPLEVILLE

Holtzendorff Drives Elastic
Wagon—Several Flats
Enroute

On Saturday afternoon, March 26, twenty-five men of sterling character assembled at the Y to attend the much anticipated journey to Limberville. After a hasty check up to see if all were present, John Barnwell gathered the crowd about him and gave a heart to heart warning against the snares and pitfalls that await the unwary on such a hazardous journey. Holtzy blew the whistle, mounted the driver's seat, and began to jazz the accelerator but to the dismay of every one upon Jenkins and Walter Ellis were missing. At last they were found underneath a pool table finishing a game of tiddlywinks. The excited crew then arranged themselves on the soft cushions and amid shouts of farewell from the envious remainers they rolled off in a cloud of dust.

The otherwise boresome trip was turned into a whirlwind of fun and frolic by the ever ready Arthur Jackson. He assumed the role of master of ceremonies and started the boys off on a lively game of "Going to Jerusalem". Having tired of this vigorous sport they were content to listen to the silver-toned, velvet-throated Albert Thomas sing the new theme song entitled "Limbberman, spare that Tree." Another feature of unusual delight was a lecture by Tom Clyde on the "Etiquette of Courtship."

The sun was just sinking behind the Blue Ridge mountains when the laboring Limber bile struggled up to the camping grounds and poured forth its precious cargo. All the boys then raised three cheers to be back on terra cotta and joined hands in a bracing game of "drop handkerchief". This proved quite a disaster as Holtzy skinned his elbow and became so profane that it was necessary to wash his

mouth with soap.

Supper of roasted dogs and marshmallows was served around the roaring campfire. Then as the flickering shadows closed about, Scoop Latimer recited some of his thrilling experiences of wild bull shooting in the jungle of Tigerland. This frightened Wheel Clark so that Holtzy and Cox had to sleep with him the remainder of the night.

Dawn found the campers eager to return to their scholastic duties. The trip home was uneventful except on several occasions when Holtzy stopped the bus to let some of the crowd pick the early spring flowers that were peeping up along the wayside. The party got to Clemson just in time to see a thrilling reel titled "The Work of the Y. W. C. A. in the World War". All the boys were enthusiastic over the trip and expressed their desire to return to Limberville at some early date.

SPECTACULAR DANCE GIVEN BY A. S. A. E.

Whiteman's String Band Fur-
nishes Melody—"Cutten"
Teare Sings Refrain

The April School Association of Excitement sponsored here last Monday night the most spectacular ball that was ever recorded in Clemson's history.

Those who were present witnessed Paul Whiteman's band at its best. The invigorating tones of that world famous orchestra, supplemented by the melodious voice of Professor Daniel Teare, waxed warmer and warmer till the unique system of artificial refrigeration in the Field House became entirely ineffective. An uncomfortable situation might have resulted had it not been for a large dispensary at each end of the dance hall overwhelmingly supplied with brands ranging from White Scotch to White Lightning. These dispensaries were operated by our good friend "Holtzy" and Detective Roark who worked fast and furiously to quench the fiendish

thirst of the dancers.

The members of the A. S. A. E. had worked unceasingly for months making preparations for the ball. But when Dr. Munson, Red Teare, and Colonel Sikes staggered toward home arm-in-arm singing "Hail, Hail The Gang's All Here" it was quite evident that the efforts of the society members had not been spent in vain. As these Unholy Three reeled from one side to the other of the two roads they were trying to follow lo! and behold! there came a car zig-zagging down both of them at the same time. Evidently, just as they decided the two cars were going to zig they zagged for the next morning we found Red Sikes and Colonel Teare in the hospital and Dr. Munson limping to his office on crutches.

When our badly mutilated commandant finally reached his destination, he "forcibly inticed" Capt. D. D. Lee to enter his office and here is part of the conversation that was overheard between them. "Now, Mr. Lee, who was in that car last night?" "C. T. Monts and I, and two girls, sir." "Well! who was driving the car when the accident occurred?" "No one, sir, we were all on the back seat." The conversation was interrupted by a noise like some one had fallen over backward in a chair. We don't know exactly what followed but a report came from the hospital this morning stating that Red Munson, Colonel Sikes, and Dr. Teare were showing some signs of improvement. The A. S. A. E. sends to them its deepest sympathy and sincere hopes that Doc's (dynamite) pills will soon have them on the go again.

'Twas the morning after the night before,

The cat came in at the hour of four,
The innocent look in her eyes had went

But in its place was a look of content.

HOME SWEET HOME

Mother's in the kitchen washing up the jugs,
Father's in the cellar bottling up the suds
Sister's in the pantry mixing up the hops—
While Johnnie's on the front porch watching for the cops.

Does your husband ever take your little hand in his?

Yes, and twists it until I drop the gun.



This unassuming youth, an immature astronomer at the Cityjel, may be observed ardently following his hobby on odd week-ends at home. He resides directly and to the rear of the dormitories of a college for young ladies in Spartanburg, and ohmigosh is he in the clear to study the heavenly bodies, the fortunate dog? If you don't think so, just lamp some of the notations in his memory book.

Friday 13—A newcomer—in a filmynebulus—disappers—reappears—nebulus gone—must have hung it up—divine—disappears under billow of white.

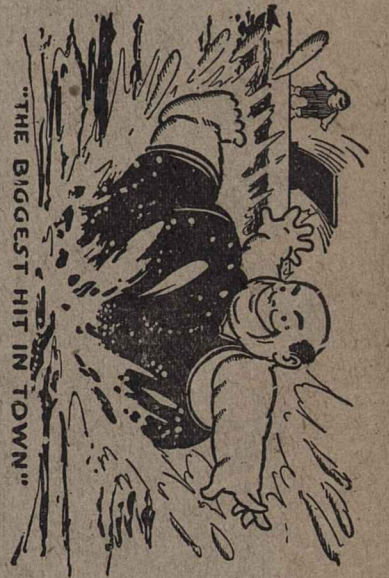
Saturday nite—A comet—celestial but only a fleeting view—disappears in a shower—tail indistinct—holy mack—another—and another—all in the shower—must be washing off the stardust—

N. B.—Dad said his daughter-in-

law was just a planet—

Planet—A heavenly body revolving around the son.

Sunday—What's this—beautiful beyond all dreams—cripes—tripod out of order—can't get leg down—Good night!



Doctor Rhyne Takes Swim in Danube, Ach!

WE ARE SELLING BONA ALLEN
\$5.00 GRADE SHOES FOR \$4.00

HANES IRREGULAR TWO-PIECE
UNDERWEAR AT 25c PER GARMENT

"Judge" Keller

Junior and Senior R. O. T. C. Checks Accepted in
Payment for Goods

SPECIAL RATE 1½ FARE ON BUS TICKETS
ROUND TRIPS FOR SPRING HOLIDAYS

AT

JOE SLOAN'S

FRESH EASTER CANDY—(HOLLINGSWORTH'S)

A NEW LINE

- OF -

EASTER CARDS

- AND -

Specia Easter Candies

NOW ON DISPLAY AT

L. C. Marlin
Drug Company, Inc

P. S. McCOLLUM, Manager

JUNGLE TESTS



EDITED BY FLIP WATSON

Spanking of Girl costs Thaw \$16,000—Herald.
Bottom price—Herald.

A Mormon is a man with an exaggerated idea of his capacity.—Dirge.

She's a very nicely reared girl, isn't she?

I should say so. Not so bad from the front, either.

Mule Pinckney—I'm a pauper. I'm a pauper.

D. D. Sherill—Whatcha gonna name it?

"When love comes," says a Munich doctor, "the eye is blurred, the face becomes pale, the heart palpitates, sleep is irregular, and the sufferer loses weight."

Dr. Milford says that sounds like flu. We don't know who is right, but with Spring Holidays just a few days off and the Athletic Ball just past, we think the Munich doctor seems to have the lead on Dr. Milford.

Then there's the story about the Scotchman that spanked his children and then put them out in the flower garden to cry.

Overheard at football game: "There goes Barber in with Pyles." Sweet thing—"Oh—how brave."

"We're up against it now," remarked a fly as a couple of them landed on the fly-paper.

Oh, please help me find my husband. I've lost him in the crowd. How will I know him?

He has a mermaid tattooed on his stomach.

Little boy—Mother, why don't married people say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep?'

Significant of the times is the story of the man who was so lazy that he adopted a baby.

Mama, is there a Santa Claus? No, dear, it's really your father. Mama, is there a stork? Who's in the garden? Only us pansies.

What shall I do? I'm engaged to a man who says he simply can't bear children.

Well, you can't expect too much from a man.

Office boy—There's a salesman outside with a woman.

The boss—Tell him I've got a woman.

"And I," said Coed Kitty, "wear black garters in memory of those who have passed beyond."

A penny for your thoughts. A penny hell. It's the kind of things you pay \$8.80 a seat for Broadway.

Joe—You must have been out with an architect last night.

Floe—Why?

Joe—Well, I see blue prints all over your neck?

A woman arriving in this country after a short trip in Canada, was asked by the customs officials at the landing port:

"Anything to declare, madam?" "No," she replied sweetly, "nothing."

"Then, madam," said the official gravely, "am I to take it that the fur tail I see hanging down under your coat is your own?"

Does your husband talk in his sleep?

No, and it's awfully exasperating. He only smiles.

Once—Was he surprised when you said you wanted to marry his daughter?

Twice—Was he? The gun nearly fell out of his hands.

Co-ed—Is he fresh? Say, I had to slap him twice before I gave in.

I know my girl like a book. Between the covers you mean? Naw, from beginning to end.

Why so silent? I can't find a cuspidor.

Someone has said that kissing your own wife is like scratching a place that doesn't itch.

Hans—Papa, vot is science? Pop—My, how can you be so stupid? Science is dose things vot says 'No Smoking'.

Ethyl—He told me he could live on my kisses forever.

Methyl—Are you going to let him?

Ethyl—Not until I find out what I'm going to live on.

She—For 17 years I lived a life of shame.

He—And then I suppose you reformed?

She—No, I ceased to be ashamed.

Jello Foster—Say, what's the idea of the traffic lights over the mantle?

Girl friend—Oh, father's a traffic cop. The red stays on until 11:30 then the amber flashes on, and at 12:00 the green. And you know he's a mighty tough cop.

Lady—Sure, I can give you a job. You can gather eggs for em if you are sure you won't steal any.

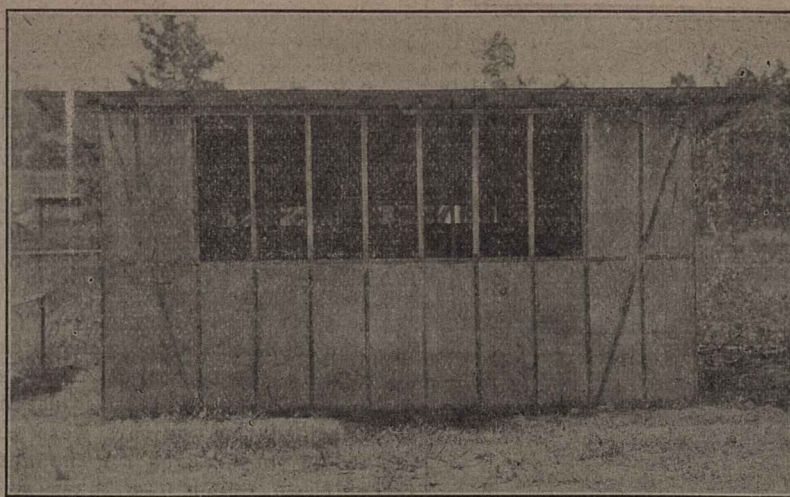
Hobo—You can trust me, lady. I was manager of a bath house for two years and I never took one.

Mary had a nanny goat Which ate four wooden kegs; And when the little kiddies came The all had wooden legs.

Do you think John will still love me after we're married?

Sure. He's crazy about married women.

A newspaper columnist says that when Peggy Hopkins Joyce made her last appearance on the bill at the Palace in New York, it was announced from the stage that she would sail for London. Some one in the gallery shouted "God Save the King."



Picture of the new Agricultural Building recently completed on the Clemson Campus. This building was constructed with funds donated by the State Legislature. A complete description appears elsewhere in this issue.

AGRICULTURAL HALL OPENED FOR CLASSES

Contains New Novel Features
With Many Comforts;
No Classrooms

The entire corps of cadets of Clemson College has been staging a huge celebration in honor of their new agricultural building which has just been completed. The appropriation for the construction of this immense home of agriculture has come largely thru the efforts of Sir Isaac Bilgewater.

The manner in which the appropriation was finally eked from the state legislature was very unique. The legislators were told that if they would donate the money required, that at any time, they would be entitled to a free meal at Clemson. This mention of grits and gravy easily won the unanimous consent of that body to give Clemson as much of the state's capital as would be needed.

The structure occupies the ground between the post office and new barracks and is on the location of the old engineering building.

The first floor was constructed with the thought in mind that many cadets are in daily need of refreshments. Therefore, a recess of fifteen minutes is given during each class in order that refreshments may be served. Cigs are given away free, but matches cost two-bits. In order to abolish the necessary pooling, each cadet must take a swim in the new pool before beginning classes.

On the second floor are numerous rooms which are used for the many lyceum courses which come to Clemson.

Doc Milford has moved his workshop to the third floor in order that the many beatouts would not have so far to walk. He has kindly designated a part of the roof for the purpose of taking sun baths because of the limited supply of water. The left half of the roof has been donated as a thumbing station for the more ambitious cadets. It is hoped that a few of the passing pilots will lower themselves enough to stow-away some would-be flyers.

There is only one serious objection to this great master-piece. The artists became so intensely interested in their work that they omitted the classrooms. It is over this fact that the football boys are loudly protesting.

A fine of five dollars will be gladly charged anyone who desires to suggest a name for this magnificent structure of the A. & M. College.

Dr. Milford—Sit down, son. You have shown good manners long enough.

Rat—It ain't good manners, sir. It's a boil.

Ed Howle—Just what would you call a guy who would hug an old maid?

Bob Bowen—I'd call him a lemon squeezer.

DOUBLE MARRIAGE AN EVENT OF INTEREST

Taylor and Lippincott Enter
Matrimonial Fracas—Many
Heels at Wedding

Centering the interest of a large number of friends over the country was the double wedding of Doctor Rupert Taylor to Miss Essie Backnot and Professor Schnozzle L. Lippincott, Jr., to Mrs. Matilda Hotcha. The ceremony took place in the State Hospital for the Insane under the auspices of the American Society of Birth Control.

The bride of Doctor Taylor is a charming young lady of twenty-two years and has made her home in Seneca for the past two years. The bride of Professor Lippincott is a winsome lass of forty-two summers. She has resided in Clemson since the Civil War in which her fourth husband, B. D. Hotcha, was killed.

Doctor Taylor is professor of violin at Clemson. After finishing college at North Georgia Agricultural College, Doctor Taylor completed work on his degree at Mississippi A. & M.

Professor Lippincott teaches Industrial Education. He went to Cornell, attempting to get a degree in Agricultural chemistry, but failing, finished his college course at Newberry.

Mrs. Taylor was dressed in white muslin. Mrs. Lippincott wore a charming ensemble of pale pink and bright red.

Dr. Taylor wore a full dress suit with pink knickers. Professor Lippincott wore a tuxedo with a red tie, green shirt, and hob nail shoes. He also carried a blue beret to hold hold his hair in place during the honeymoon.

The two happy couples left immediately after the ceremony in Mr. Lippincott's car. Doctor Taylor and his charming bride rode in the rumble chaperoned by Bill's rat terrier, "Bon Voyage".

Very old shoes with depression soles and rice were quite prevalent at the most outstanding wedding of the leap year season.

GOLD DEPOSITS FOUND ON CEMETERY RIDGE

Doctor Rock Calhoun Makes
Valuable Discovery While
Excavating Graves

Dr. F. H. H. H. H. Calhoun two days ago discovered a very valuable gold deposit on Cemetery Hill, while he was supposedly digging for geological specimens among the convict graves on the back part of the hill.

Doctor "Rock", a very enthusiastic and renowned geologist, claims that he was hunting for some valuable specimens, which are thought to be fairly plentiful in the vicinity of cemetery Hill, when he located this extraordinary rich strike. He is thought by some people not to

have been digging for scientific purposes at all but practicing the ancient art, racket, or profession of grave robbing. Doctor Rock denied this charge stoutly, but there is extensive circumstantial evidence which points to the fact that he was borrowing valuables from the boys buried on the back part of the hill.

The gold which comes from this deposit is in an unusually pure state. It is present in such large quantities that some of it will be used in making numerals and buttons for the Clemson uniforms. This will be a great help to the cadets, for the gold will not tarnish between inspections as brass is prone to do.

Charges will probably not be pressed, since the occupants of the graves have no known relatives and the college is to get a cut of the haul.

Doctor Calhoun says that he expects to begin mining operations as soon as he can get the proper equipment, which will be about the last of June. This important undertaking will end the depression for Clemson and give the cadets something to do on Sunday afternoons.

What was all the excitement at Jim's place last night?

Oh, a girl was playing a violin in her pajamas and the string broke. What—on her violin?

Naw—
"I'm cutting a cute figure", said the chorus girl as she sat on a broken bottle.

To MEN only!

NO NEED to park a "Girls Keep Out" at the top of this advertisement. They'll shy off quick enough when they find out what it's about.

For it's a strictly masculine privilege—solace, satisfaction, retreat, call it what you will—the joy of smoking a pipe!

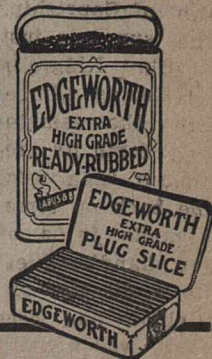
It's the smoke "for men only," any girl will agree—one of the few rights the women haven't crowded us on. And the *only* smoke for men, many a thoughtful smoker calls it. For the deep consolation and rare comradeship of a mellow, richly aged pipe are something every man does well to know.

And you taste the rich satisfaction of pipe smoking at its best when you fill up your bowl with Edgeworth. There's a tobacco that's made for a pipe. Cool, dry, slow-burning. Blended of fine, mellow, full-flavored burleys.

You've a rare smoke coming if you've never tried Edgeworth. You will find Edgeworth at your tobacco dealer's. Or send for special free sample packet if you wish. Address Larus & Bro. Co., 105 S. 22d St., Richmond, Virginia.

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor enhanced by Edgeworth's distinctive and exclusive eleven process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes, 15¢ pocket package to \$1.50 pound humidifier tin.





One of the most outstanding athletic contests in many moons took place on the Clemson diamond a few days ago. The boys of the college had been arguing which was the best and most important department in school so it was decided to have it settled by a baseball game. The Lint-heads, captained by Doc Macormac met the Mechanics captained by Monk Godfrey.

There was a large crowd out to see the deciding contest. Just before head-umpire Queball Munson announced the batteries, a greasy pig came from nowhere and dashed across the field, and Captain Harcombe was the first out of the stands in hot pursuit of him. Dicky Brackett finally outran the pig and cut him down with a flying tackle amidst the cheers of the whole crowd.

As soon as the field had cleared again Freddie announced the batteries: for the Lint-heads Doc Macormac and Pop Eaton; for the Machine-heads Hugh Brown and Monk Godfrey. Just as everybody settled down for a very enjoyable game along came Enoch Sikes selling peanuts and candy and yelling his wares to the top of his voice followed by the Coca Cola boy, George Washington.

Jughead Harris, who designed a house and forgot to put a door leading into the bathroom, was coach for the mechanics. Just before his boys took the field Jug made his famous speech, "Some of you will get it; some of you won't; most of you won't. Now get in there and fight."

The game proceeded along fine until the last half of the third inning when Monk knocked one out of the park, but as he was making the four corners he was trying to figure out the velocity of the ball and the momentum with which he swung his bat and was tagged out at third.

In the last half of the fourth inning Wee Willie Klugh drove a single into center field and while Snake Lee was crawling to get it he made a home run before Hal McKenna could pick up the ball and chunk it.

In the first half of the fifth Eagle Shinn drove a hot one over Dog Curtis' head and Musical-Ed Freeman and Will Rogers Clarke ran into each other, both being knocked cold, trying to get the ball. Before Hammer Johnson could get the ball old Eagle had reached home tying the score.

As the Machine-heads came in for their half of the fifth Queball called the game on account of darkness. Since the game ended in a tie and was called before it had gone long enough to go down in the books, the decision will have to go undecided.

Line-ups.

Machine-heads
Musical-Ed Freeman cf
Will Rogers Clarke rf
Hammer Johnson lf
Sambo Earle 3b
Wee Willie Klugh ss
Dog Curtis 2b
Jake Marshall 1b
Hugh Brown p
Monk Godfrey c

Lint-heads
Snake Lee cf
Moon Mullins rf
Hal McKenna lf
Eagle Shinn 3b
Footsie Hunter ss
Bub Cartee 2b
Floppie Dunlap 1b
Doc Macormac p
Pop Eaton c

GEORGIA GAME GETS GAY GAPPING IN '76

Harcombe and Brackett Pulverize Porker

Following is an account of the Clemson-Georgia football game as recorded in the society column of the Greenville Astonisher, July 32, 1976.

Receiving at fullback for Clemson was Oswald Fleming III of the Ramford Station family. The entire Tiger team was gayly clad in purple tunics over golden bodices, and about their waists they wore yellow girdles with Louis XVII buckles.

Kicking off for Georgia was Mussolini Smith, son of the famous "Catfish" Smith, who is better known as One Lump, since he only takes one lump of sugar with his orange pekoe.

The Bulldogs presented a striking appearance with their red shirt-waists and white silk stockings without appearing gaudy, and yet presenting a neat appearance in their georgette-trimmed hip pads. Hanging from their necks were lavaliers on which was inscribed the motto of their Alma Mater, "Fight fast and furiously for dear ole Georgia."

Precisely at two-fifteen, the referee, dressed in the regulation costume of plus fours and crepe de Chine blouse, blew his whistle. Smyth rolled the ball far down the field into the arms of Oswald III who brought it back fifteen yards before he was tagged by a deft touch on the shoulder by Clarence Turnipseed, the Bulldog center.

The game see-sawed back and forth neither team scoring due to the expert tagging on both sides. Between halves both teams drank T and read the Ladies Home Journal magazine.

The deadlock continued up until the middle of the last quarter when Mussolini Smyth broke loose and went streaking up the gridiron with a clear field ahead of him. The Georgia stands were mad with pneumonia—I beg your pardon—pandemonium. The Bengal stands were deathly still for defeat seemed in the air for the most popular co-ed institute in the South. The whole Clemson team, it seemed, became panicky, but not Oswald Fleming III. For in his veins flowed the skip, blue-black blood of Moosehead Fleming, long looked upon as one of the most brilliant players of the century.

With a saavoir faire for which he was justly famous, he cupped his hand and called in a loud voice, "I say there, Smyth, old fellow, there is a terrible run in your stocking."

Imagin the intense embarrassment and mortification of Smyth. What could he do but drop the ball and sneak away to the clubhouse?

Then Oswald, good old Oswald, grabbed the ball and set off at a fast trot toward the goal line. The interference was perfect and the line was reached without any trouble. So ended that famous game, Clemson Co-educational Institute 6, Georgia 0.



Jerx Wray demonstrates correct technique for making ball team.

DOCTOR RUPE TAYLOR CROWNED IVORY KING

Chest-Expansion Retains Bull-Shooting Title by Narrow Margin

The Faculty Athletic Club held their annual African Golf Tournament last Friday night at the home of Dr. D. W. Daniel. This test of physical skill was the culmination of several days of feats of manly skill and strength. Ever since early Monday morning the professors had vied with each other and this event was to decide the all-round championship of the club. Some of the outstanding victories of the preceeding days might be mentioned: Professor Ferno won the knitting championship and in doing so set a new world's record of five feet per year; Major Martin nosed out Little Joe Hunter in the arithmetical gymnastics by adding six and two and getting twenty-six Doc Brown, the pride of the physics department, ran away with the contest for the one having the most magnetic personality—it has been rumored that he was carrying a couple of electromagnets in his pocket at the time; Footsie Hunter, recent addition to the lint-head department, easily won first place in the quilt tying contest; and last on the list is the bull-shooting contest—Doc Daniel defended his title for the third consecutive year by barely nosing out Bill Lippincott in a thrilling finish. Doc also set a new world record of seven hundred and twenty-eight feet of thorough-bred bull per minute.

After several rounds the survivors in the golf tournament narrowed down to six men: Andrew Murphy, Holtzy, John Lane, Doc Taylor, P. Doggie Rhyne, and Monk Godfrey. Andrew teed off in the championship round and his drive rolled under the table giving him a three. Monk got his signals slightly mixed and dove off left tackle for a six thus putting Andrew in the shade. Doc put the Shakespearian touch on the ivories and after moving the piano it was found that he had an eight. Things were getting hotter. P. Dogie next teed off, but he was ruled out for cursing in Scandihovian when his cast dropped in the goldfish bowl. Only two more plays were left to be made—all eyes centered on Holtzy as he approached the tee. He also got his games mixed and tried to drive the cubes against a nearby wall. When the scramble had cleared it was found that he had only a four. With the careful poise of a true sportsman, John, the pride of the ladies, walked forward to take his shot. On the way he tripped over one of Andrew's feet, fell heavily, and dropped the spotted cubes. After his mangled form had been removed from its resting place on the floor, the cubes were examined. One had rolled thru a crack in the floor and the other had completely disappeared. It is thought by all present that Doc Taylor, fearing that the score would be higher than his own, threw the other one out the window. Thus the big struggle ended with Doc holding the coveted championship of the Athletic Club. We often thought Doc was an athlete and now we are assured of it.



Staff photographer catches Lt. Johnston in a domestic pose.

Crip Dargan—Just what is this thing you call love?

Little One—Most of the time it's the tenth word in a telegram.

Mary—And would you like me to return your engagement ring?

Brown Glenn—Oh, no, don't bother. I'll just have the next installment notice sent to you.

Little Dr. Rock—Say, pop, why hasn't Dr. Sikes got much hair?

Dr. Rock—Because he thinks a lot.

Little Dr. Rock—Then why have you got so much?

Sgt. Naramor—Son, why don't you be a good little boy?

Sonny—I'll be good for a nickel.

Mrs. Naramor—The idea, why can't you be like your father, good for nothing.

Ed Morris—Say, how in the world did you break your leg? Have an accident in that old strip?

Willie Padgett—No. I threw a cigarette in a manhole and tried to step on it.



Holtzendorff and Burton shoot a hot game of Quoits—this is the quoit.



Exclusive television photograph of the finish of the recent auto races at Indianapolis. All records were smashed in super demonstration of speed. The three leading drivers who are shown in the photograph just an instant before they flashed across the line are from left to right: "Speedy" Sherrill, "Carreening" Carodemus, and George Washington. The trio averaged 560 miles an hour for the entire 1100 mile grind. Carodemus had a little trouble with his iron steed when he stopped to stadardize an iron solution, but came back strong to tie with the other boys in the last lap.

THE CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

April 1, 1932

Munson, F. L.

CADET

April 1, 1932

Date of report

B. P. Dingle Berry

Reporting officer

REPORT

No Haircut

EXPLANATION

Sir:

I respectfully state that the above report is true, however, it can be fully explained. Today being my birthday and this being leap year, I decided this was my year to get a haircut. I, therefore, arose early (as I had seen in the Tiger that the first five men to get haircuts this year would get them free) and went to the barber shop; only to find that President Sikes was there ahead of me. That was about six o'clock in the morning. At eight o'clock that night Pres. Sikes still had the chair and as I had read all the Ballyhoos and Hooeys in the place, and Pres. Sikes had the only copy of Slapstick left, I decided to go home. It was while on the way home that Officer Dingle Berry busted me and it was after I got home that my wife bus— I mean I had another explanation harder than this one to make—at least I hope I don't get the same for this one that I got for that one,

Same as the above

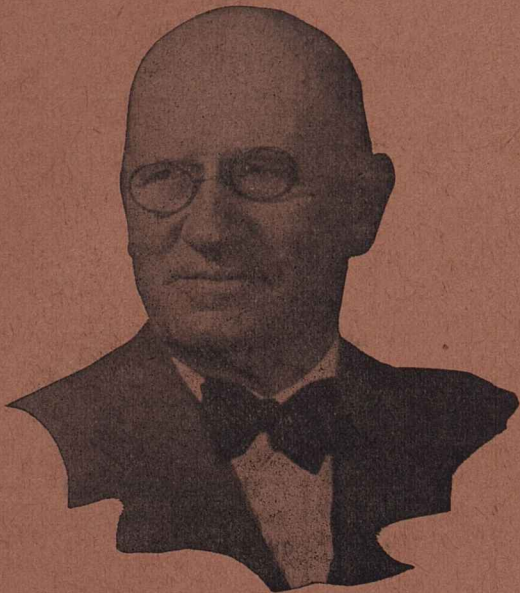
(Signature)

Rear No all alone Lower
Rank Co. Class

INDORSEMENT

I'll take vanilla

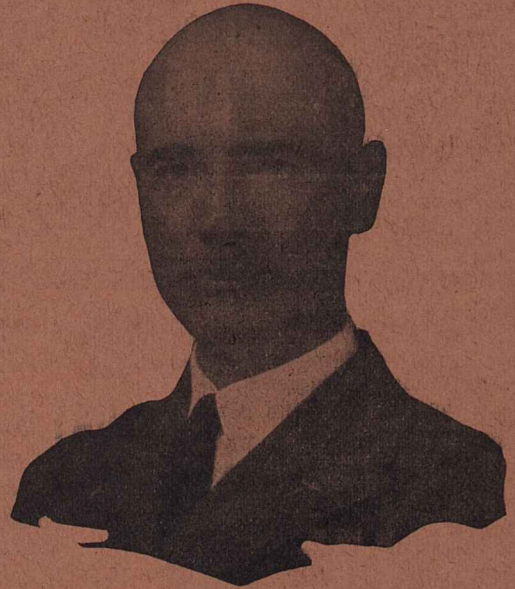
1932



Before using Lippincott's Hair Restorer 10 years.



Photograph of Enoch and Freddie after one year's treatment at Milford's Massage Mausoleum.. (Note luvuriant growth of moss on solid granite—tested 100 percent by Dr. Rock Calhoun.)



After using Lippincott's Hair Restorer 10 years

LIPPINCOTT'S PATE POLISH, HAIR RESTORER AND OTHER PRODUCTS ARE A GYP AND A HORSE THIEF

Gather round a little closer folks; don't crowd the sidewalks. Don't be swindled by letting Big Chief Imaliar Daniel swindle you out of your home brew money selling you cheap Lippincott products. Pate Polish, etc., is no good for the cranium, no good to polish the automobile, no good for fallen arches—why folks, its not even fit'n fer drinkin' likker.

ALL YOU GOT
TO DO IS TO

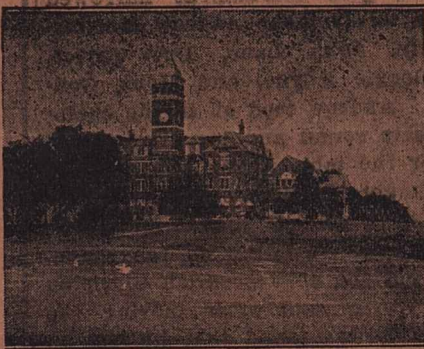
Visit Milford's Massage Mausoleum

AND GET CURED OF
WHAT AILS YOU

Our Specialties:—Reforesting bald domes, making athletes out of your feet, and blasting stumps. We have a guaranteed specific for every misery in your bosom. One treatment and we will make a new man out of you. (You couldn't be the same after this). If you don't like our pills, we can always blow up a post office some where with them. How 'bout a throat spray?



DR. LEE W. MILFORD
Pill Milford, the genius who constructed this marvelous Health Institution.



The Institution



Another of our pleased customers says, "Before taking your marvelous cure, I was unable to do my house work, but who'n hell wants to do house work any how?"

COLONEL'S BALL TEAM PICKS WRAY TO LEAD

Is Pronounced The Most Adept
Plucker of Squad

At at recent social given the member of the Colonel's Big Ball Team, Kadet Jerx B. (Oh, must we tell you why the B.) Wray was selected to lead "ye old Craxpo Splittoon" in the annual drop-hand kerchief game at Annie's town. This decision had long been cogitated, but was not definately reached until the dazzling Wray had been thoroughly inspected, bi-sected, dissected, hen-spected, analyzed, profanized, and otherwise, until the final conclusion was that left in seclusion (in other words incarcerated by himself) he would be a fairsized Enoch in less than two and three-fourths minutes. Wray, it is whispered, has the old army game out of the class of science, and has raised its status to an art. What with his long reach, and nimble digits, this smiling schmikel surpasses everyone in school in the

gambolling game of gettinum. He says that he attributes his startling success in life to the old but well known ballyhoo slogan, "itska da nertskeys."

Hannibal Morris was named second under control, and for a short while has been put on special detail with a laundry bag under each wing to gather in the loose spheroids.

Before the meeting broke up, Cutey Hallman, the wonder boy from Florence (he wonders over most anything, and Anderson girls point him out as the most artistic wanderer at Clemson) submitted an F. F. F. song. The team accepted it whole-wheatedly, gave Cutey a rising vote of Panks, and three free tries at the man in the upper guard-room. Here is the song in sotto and to the tune of the "Old Gray Mare."

Oh, let's all go down and pull the Colonel's Leg,
We'll all go down and perk the Colonel's Leg,
We'll pull and we'll pull until He'll want to squall,

"Boys, that's fine but migosh it hurts. . . ."

(Continued from page one)
to the levels of Carolina in the matter of sportsmanship. Furthermore, if we continue to allow this abuse of the compulsory church privilege, the military department may retaliate by doing away with the treasured custom.

It is not yet known what disposition will be made of Professor Burton, but a petition is being circulated among all of his students who are not making an A grade for his reinstatement without delay.



"I lerve ye, little Nell," muttered Eddie in a low tone—and every cadet in the free show drew in his breath with a sickening sigh.

(Continued from page one)
in a large measure to the stirring attack of Professor Shanklin who pleaded that the efforts necessary for the math faculty to learn arithmetic would not be worth the results expected.

Doctor Brown then suggested that all sophomore physics studentns be required to purchase a slide rule and use it instead of the approximation method now in vogue. As Dr. Brown proved to be the only member of the faculty who knew what a slide rule was, he was appointed a comittee of one to investigate and report at the next

meeting.

Doctor Daniel of the English department, suggested that all delinquent students be granted week-ends, regardless of demerits, and students being recommended as exceptional on over two subjects be required to remain at school the entire year. He recommended the plan as a method of placing all the students on the same scholastic plane. The plan will be acted upon at the next meeting and has the enthusiastic support of several leading clubs of which Tau Beta Po, Phi Psi, and the Block C club are outstanding.

J O Jones Co

Greenville S C
Charlotte N C

Spring Suits, Shoes, Hats, Sweaters, and Furnishings
now ready

We cater to college men—and know what college
men like and want